The *Lincolnshire* Garland:

In Four Parts.

t I. How Three Gentlemen riding upon the Road to *Lincoln*, lodging [illegible] Inn, one of them being a young Divine, fell in Love with the Inn-Keeper's beautiful Daughter, and for a time conceal'd his Passion.

t II. How he discover'd his Mind to his Fellow-Travellers, who at their Return visited him in the obtaining her Love; with an Account how he left him to perform a short Journey into the North, upon the Promise of returning on the first of *July*, to complete the Marriage.

t III. How he was set upon by Thieves, who did not only rob him, but likewise gave him a mortal Wound, of which he died: with other Things worthy of Note.

t IV. How he appear'd to her after Death, assuring her, that in Three or Four days she should leave the World and be with him in Happiness; with an Account how she dy'd upon the very Day that he foretold, to the Admiration of all her Friends.

Licensed according to Order.

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The *Lincolnshire* Garland, &c.

Tune of *A lonkful Pony.*

PART I.

UNfortunate Lovers be pleas'd to draw near,
And now you the Wonder of Wonders shall hear
'Tis worth your attention, and so you will find,
If you this Relation are pleased to mind.

It is of a strange Apparition that spoke,
Foretelling how Death by his conquering stroke,
Should cut off a Damsel, the place where, and when
The which was most strange to the wisest of Men.

Now here in due order the Truth I'll relate,
If you for a while will be willing to wait,
And thus it was, Friends, about last *Whitsuntide*,
Three Gentlemens Sons towards *Lincoln* wou'd ride.

With Innocent Pleasure, Mirth, Joy, and Delight,
These Gentlemen Travel'd from Morning till Night
Then coming at length to an Inn on the Road,
They all did agree to take up their abode.

The Inn-Keeper welcom'd his Travelling Guests,
Who order'd a Supper forthwith to be Dress,
The which was performed with wonderful speed,
On which they together did lovingly feed.

When Supper was ended they call'd for a Flask
Of Wine, which brought by a beautiful Lass,
The Inn-Keeper's Daughter so charming and fair,
That few in the Country cou'd with her compare.

Now

Now one of the Three was a Youthful Divine,
And as he beheld her his Heart did incline
To Love, for each Glance of her Conquering Eyes,
At once did his Heart and his Senſes ſurprize.

He check'd his fond Paſſion as much as he could,
And ſaid to himſelf, it muſt be over-rul'd;
Yet all his Endeavours they proved in vain,
The more he reſiſted the greater his Pain.

The beautiful Damſel, nor none of the reſt,
Was privy the leaſt to what lodg'd in his Breaſt,
He kept it ſecure to himſelf for a while,
Tho' often he ſent her an Amorous Smile.

When the ſmiling Glaſs had gone merrily round,
They went to their reſt but no Slumber he found,
The Inn-Keeper's Daughter run ſo in his Mind,
That no Sleep or Slumber the leaſt could he find.

Next Morning both he and his Friends they aroſe,
And when he came down, to the Damſel he goes,
And ſaid, as he gave her a melting Salute,
'Tis Love that muſt finiſh the happy Diſpute.

She knew not his meaning, yet nevertheleſs,
He did ſuch abundance of Kindneſs expreſs,
That ſhe bid him Welcome, with all her whole Heart,
So they for a Seaſon did pleaſantly part.

PART II.

THeſe Gentlemen came to fair *Lincoln* at laſt,
Where Five or Six Weeks with Relations they paſt
Their time with all Pleaſures which was to be had,
Yet the young Divine was both heavy and ſad.

The other two Gentlemen wanted to know,
What 'twas which afflicted and grieved him ſo,
He anſwer'd and ſaid, I to Love am inclin'd,
That beautiful Creature runs ſtill in my Mind.

What beautiful Creature? ſaid one of the twain,
The Inn-Keeper's Daughter he anſwer'd again,
The Darts of her Eyes has ſo conquered me,
That I am a Captive, and cannot be free.

If that be thy Grievance then ceaſe to Lament,
For at our returning if thou wilt conſent
To what we ſhall offer, our Lodging we'll take
At that very Inn, where the Match we will make.

This pleaſed his Fancy, and chear'd up his Heart,
Soon after from *Lincoln* they all did depart,
And came to the Inn where they Lodged before,
To ſee that fair Beauty whom he did adore.

Now while in this Inn-Keeper's Lodging they lay
His Friends in a Jocular manner made way
To this Youthful Damſel, and found in the main,
'Twou'd be no hard matter her Love to obtain.

This gave much Encouragement to the Divine,
Who ſaid to his Friends, if I can make her mine,
Then ſhall I be happy in e'ery Degree,
For none in the World can I Fancy but ſhe.

He made the beſt uſe of his time while they ſtay'd,
And frequenly told the young innocent Maid
His Heart, his Affection, and Loyal Intent,
So after long Courtſhip ſhe gave her Conſent.

A Ring from his Finger he preſently drew,
And gave it his Jewel with Vows to be true

And Loyal for ever: The Maid did the ſame,
No Patents nor Friends could their Innocence blame.

Thus having ſecured the beautiful Prize,
He told both his Friends and his Lovers likewiſe,
That he muſt go into the North for a while,
Some Matters of moment for to reconcile.

Now Friends, and dear Jewel, the Truth to expreſs,
I muſt go my Journey; yet nevertheleſs,
I'll meet you all here on the Firſt of *July*.
And ſo for the preſent I bid you Good buy.

This ſaid, both his Friends and his Lover we find
He took his kind Leave of, and left them behind:
What afterwards happen'd, in brief ſhall appear,
If the other Parts you'll have Patience to hear.

PART III.

NOW is the young Lover gone into the North,
And leaves his ſweet Jewel, altho' he was loath,
By reaſon his Abſence might cauſe her to weep,
Yet ſtill he reſolves, that his Vows he would keep.

His Journey he finiſh'd with wonderful ſpeed,
And at his return near the Side of Mead
Aſſaulted he was by a reſolute Crew,
They batter'd, nay wounded, and rifled him too.

So left him ſtark naked in miſeries bound,
Where bleeding he lay, till by chance he was found,
Next morning ſome time after break of the day,
By an ancient Shepherd, who travell'd that way.

The Poor Man beſought him that he would relate
How he came to be in that ſorrowful State,

With

With Sighs he related the Truth of it all,
Then Tears from his Eyes did immediately fall.
He pity'd his Sorrows, unbound him with speed,
And brought him home to his poor Cottage indeed,
And gave him what Comforts the same could afford,
Till his decay'd Senses was something restor'd.

Alas! he continu'd most dangerous bad,
Yet still a dear Love for his Jewel he had,
To whom a kind Letter he sent by the Post,
And wish'd her to come, e'er he gave up the Ghost.

Now while at the Shepherds he languishing lay,
The time it was past of the promised day,
Which made the young Damsel begin to believe
That he was unkind, till she came to receive
The Letter, which show'd her the Reasons wherefore;
And then in a Passion her Garments she tore,
While, with wringing Hands she did bitterly cry,
There's none in the World so unhappy as I.

The Mother said, Daughter, don't weep at this rate,
But govern your Passion and patiently wait,
You may have another; but still she replies,
I'll go to my Jewel where-ever he lies.

Now by the Direction she came to her Dear,
And at this sad meeting what griefs might we hear,
He Kiss'd her, while Tears in abundance did flow,
Said he, My sweet Jewel I very well know,
That on the next *Thursday*, or much thereabout,
The Sands of my Glass will be clearly run out,
My Wounds they are Mortal, and then I shall die,
In thy Parish-Church I would willingly lie:

That

That ſo in my Grave you a Lodging may have,
For in Life and Death ſtill thy Preſence I crave.
And thou wilt not live after me many days,
Prepare then for Death without longer Delays.
Then home to her Father ſhe had him convey'd,
Where after his Death, he was decently laid
In Grave then according to his Requeſt,
Whilſt his loving Jewel with Grief was oppreſt.

PART IV.

HER Love was interr'd upon *Saturday* Night,
And now here the Wonder of Wonders I write,
'Tis worth Obſervation, and ſo you will ſay,
And therefore now give your Attention I pray.
The Damſel was grieved and troubled in Mind,
She wept, ſhe lamented, her Heart was inclin'd
To heavineſs ſtill, for her True Lover's ſake,
No manner of Joy in the World could ſhe take.
The next *Monday* Night in the Arbour ſo ſweet,
Where ſhe and her Lover was uſed to meet,
Her Love's Appatition to her did appear,
Which ſeem'd to Embrace her, and call'd her his Dear,
He graſped her wriſt with a Hand that was cold,
And that very Minute her Death he foretold,
And 'twas in theſe Words, My ſweet Jewel, ſaid he,
Next *Thurſday* thou ſhalt be in Heaven with me.
It is ſo decreed by the Powers above,
Then never be daunted my Jewel, my Love,
The Time I diſcover, remember the Day:
Then ſeeming to kiſs her, he vaniſh'd away.

With

Countenance frighted, the Damsel went in,
told her dear Parents then what she had seen,
labour'd to comfort her all that they could,
ying, 'twas but a Fancy, and bid her be rul'd.
send you amongst your Relations, and there
weet Pleasure will kill all the thoughts of Despair
answer'd them saying, That never can be,
nvite them, I pray, to the Burying of me.
They said, Loving Daughter, pray dry up your Tears
For you may see many bleft flourishing Years,
When you with some other kind Lover may meet:
'll marry with none but my dear Winding-Sheet.
This was upon *Monday* at Night very late,
When she had discourse with her Friends at this rate
Till *Thursday* at Noon she in Health did remain,
And did of no manner of Sickness complain.
And then about Twelve she sate down in her Chair
Saying, Pray let me have a Glass of cool Beer,
They brought it, then she to her Parents did call
With this I do now take my Leave of you all.
She drank it, and so stretcht her self on the Floor,
And never did utter one Syllable more:
Her Friends was affrighted at this sudden change,
Believe me 'tis true, tho 'tis wonderful strange.
Her Parents they strove for to fetch her again,
Yet all their Endeavours did prove but in vain,
For Life was departed, and she was to have
A Lodging by him in the dark silent Grave.

FINIS.